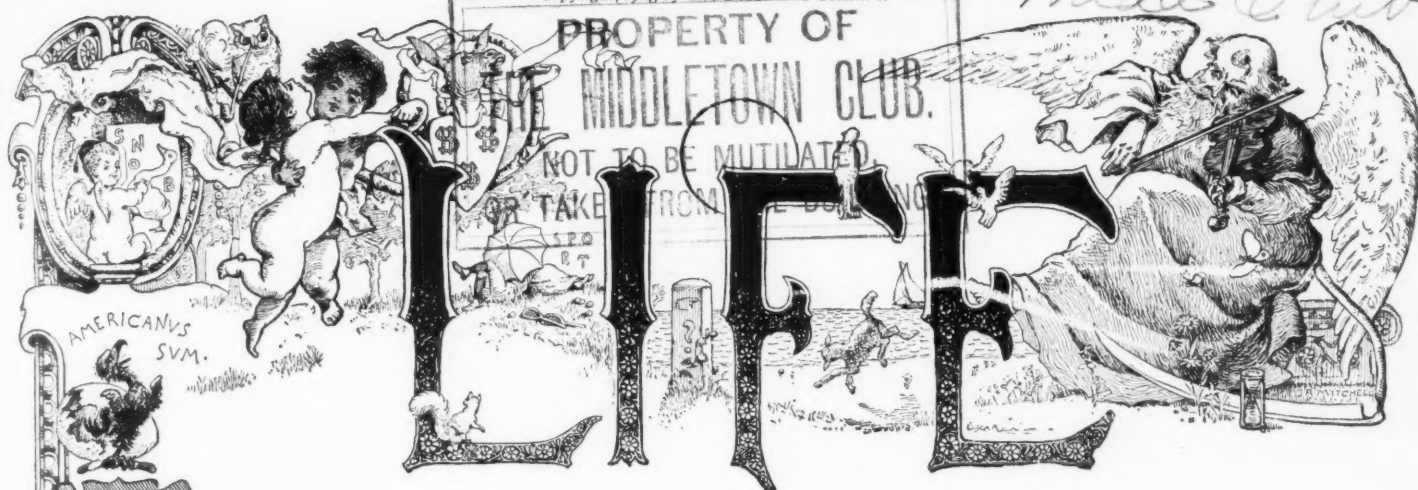


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Middle Club



THE ABOVE IS A FOUL. YOU SHOULD NEVER STRIKE A PLAYER WITH THE HAND.
ALWAYS USE YOUR CLUB. REMEMBER THAT YOU ARE PLAYING POLO, NOT TAG.



With oysters you want a crisp, appetizing cracker.

Brownsville Water Crackers

"The Cracker that has Brownsville on it" are unique.

You ought to know that a cracker with Brownsville on it gives character to your dinner.

We have made these crackers for three generations, in a way that produces absolutely the best cracker from the finest materials.

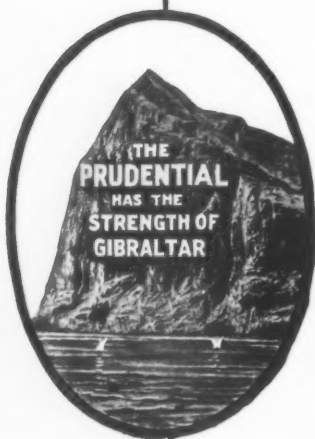
At your grocer's, if you insist.

CHATLAND & LENHART
Brownsville, Pa.

FOR SALE BY
S. S. Pierce Co., Boston.
Park & Tilford, New York.
Acker, Merrill & Condit Co., New York.
The Joseph R. Peebles' Sons Co., Cincinnati.
Geo. K. Stevenson & Co., Pittsburg, Pa.
Finley Acker Co., Philadelphia.
C. Jevne & Co., Chicago.

If you cannot buy these crackers of any grocer that you can reach easily, we will send ten pounds for \$1.50, express prepaid, or two pounds for 50 cents, express prepaid.

Did You Save It?



Look back over your accounts. Open your purse and see how plainly you can see the bottom. Look at the bank book, and compare last month's balance with this.

Where is the dollar, or five, or ten, that you meant to save? Did you save what you meant to?

The Prudential

can and will help you. It can provide a way of saving, and make it decidedly to your own and your family's advantage to save systematically. It can also make your savings earn something from the start.

And if, while you are saving, you should be suddenly taken away, your family will receive *immediately* the insurance money which your payments secured from the very beginning.

All this sets a man thinking. The six million Prudential policies now in force bear witness to their endorsement by millions of provident people.

Send today for information of Profit-Sharing Endowment Policies, Dept. O.

The Prudential Insurance Co.
of America

INCORPORATED AS A STOCK COMPANY BY THE STATE OF NEW JERSEY

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President

Home Office: NEWARK, N. J.

Attention is respectfully directed to the Removal of the GORHAM COMPANY

SILVERSMITHS AND GOLDSMITHS

*from their former location at Broadway
and Nineteenth Street to the*

New Gorham Building

Fifth Avenue and Thirty-sixth Street

GORDON'S DRY GIN



Procurable
Everywhere

Most Popular
With
Connoisseurs

**FOR COCKTAILS, FIZZES
AND RICKYS**

REPRESENTED IN } E. LAMONTAGNE & SONS
THE U. S. BY } 45 Beaver St., New York

LIFE

Vale!

The Subway Tavern is no more.—SUN.

FAREWELL, O Palace of
the Chastened Booze!
All hearts are broken by
the dreadful news
That, after one short year of
stren'ous life,
Thy dividends are naught but
woe and strife.
Home of the Ricky, pure and undefiled;
Home of the Fizz, whereon the Saints have
smiled;
Home of the Flip, the Bishop's hand did
bless;
Home of the Cocktail of the Diocese;
Garage thou where the Good Samaritan
Could fortify and rush his sacred can;
Hydrant-home of the water-wagon bold;
Spot where the oil of fusel ne'er was sold;
Lubricating station of the righteous throat—
Heaven's Half-way House, it were sad to note
That by mere earthly troubles thou art
stung,
And thou so young—so very, very young!
And yet, what better fate could come to thee
Than this which on the surface seems to be
So dark and dire?
Are not all good things purified by fire?
Is it not unguent for thy spirit gored
That Virtue ever was its own reward?
Suppose thou didst go up—where is the
shame?
Did not the blest Elijah do the same?
A wreath upon thy grave! A silent tear!
Still, thou hast sought another, better
sphere.
Thou'rt gone where spirits like to thine
rejoice
Incessantly, with ne'er a husky voice
To sound a note of sadness on the cheer:
O Rest in Peace upon thy Honored Beer!
J. K. B.

WAR now is only a question of
cash; that is, a nation buys
from the other nations, through their
bankers, the privilege of sacrificing
her own citizens.

Evolution.

"HAS he changed his style of living
much since he inherited this
vast wealth?"

"No; simply changed from second-
hand clothes to second-hand dishes
and furniture."



NOT ENOUGH.

He: BELIEVE ME, DEAREST, I LOVE YOU BETTER EVERY DAY.
"OH, JACK! WHY AREN'T THERE MORE DAYS?"

A Visitation.

FIRST SPIDER: What's the trou-
ble? You look down in the mouth.

SECOND SPIDER: I feel so. This
morning I was visited by no less than
three hundred mothers-in-law.

A Distinguished Example.

CRITIC: No really great character
in fiction has been produced dur-
ing the past twenty years.

READER: O, I don't know. What's
the matter with H. H. Rogers?



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XLVI. SEPT. 14, 1905. No. 1194.
17 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.



SO the virtues of the Mikado and the energies of the Rough Rider between them brought peace. No wonder. The combination was invincible. LIFE likes the peace very much: all the better that it was

such a horrible surprise and disappointment to the Russian war party. To have achieved it was a triumph of good men. That M. Witte did not

contribute very much to it was probably not his fault. He wanted peace and would, presumably, have been glad to yield more than he did rather than miss it, but he had his orders and stood by them to the letter. What at first sight impressed observers as the great magnanimity of the Japanese statesmen in foregoing an indemnity was very promptly certified to be sagacity as well. The Japanese asked for what they wanted, and took what they could get. It was certain when they gave in, that they could not get any more without fighting longer for it, and they might have fought on at great cost and done no better. The chances were that it would have cost them much more to collect their indemnity than it was worth. So they chose peace without it.

Wise Japs! If there is a lesson writ large in history, it is that to go on thrashing beaten Russians does not pay. Wonderful Japs! First in war, first in peace, they seem bent on beating the record for all around behavior. The truth is, so far as we understand it, that if there is a country on the earth where the gentleman's standard rules in high concerns, that country is Japan. They fight like gentlemen, they win like gentlemen, they make peace like gentlemen. They love art, beauty and poetry. They are marvelously kind to their children, and their children are

marvelously polite. They are wonders.

But of course there are flies in the Japanese ointment, and one large fly is this: that because common money-making is apt to be at best rather an ungenerous business, it has been held for ages in such disrepute in Japan that most of its operations have fallen to the management of the least honorable and least respected part of the population. Consequently the reputation of Japanese traders and business men is low. How is it to be about that? Japan as a nation needs to make money. Cannot the insuperable virtues of the Mikado be extended even to trade and traders, and to the execrable but indispensable industry of acquiring dross?



AS to our President, whose cooperative energies are justly credited with winning a great peace against big odds, enormous is the acclaim of which he is the modest but doubtless delighted object. It rained hands across the sea to him for two whole days. All the kings, despots and rulers of the wired earth have been shaking hands with him by cable and saying that he was the Only One. We hear he is a sure winner of the Nobel prize, and holders of Russian bonds are casting gold medals for him in France. English Edward, German William, Muscovite Nicholas and Virtuous Mike, the Pope, Senator Beveridge and a thousand other kings, emperors and gentlemen of the first distinction have complimented him with acknowledgments and congratulations. It is grand. Surely we never before have had one like him. We understand now why he won't run for President again. He means to get a job as Universal Referee. We hope he may. We have no detractive suggestion to offer, but feel ourselves disposed to put a brass band on a ferryboat, and go down to Oyster Bay and play "A Hot Time" under the media-torial window.



IT is a pleasure to applaud the energy of Secretary Cortelyou in driving swindlers out of business by depriving

them of the use of the mails. The boundless capacity of Americans for being gulled by advertisers who promise them money, or the cure of their diseases, imaginary or real, or some other unearned or impossible advantage or emolument, argues for a modest estimate of the power of our public school education to endow the foolish with sense. So large a percentage of our population is ready to respond with money to any preposterous invitation that they see anywhere in print, that any swindler who can buy space in the newspapers can levy continuous tribute on an army of dupes that is constantly recruited, provided only that the United States Post Office will become the partner of his wiles. Until lately the branch of the Post Office Department which investigated swindling concerns has included dishonest officials who took bribes from advertising rascals and protected them in their iniquities. Since the recent Post Office investigations these matters have been put on a better footing, and we notice with satisfaction that the use of the mails has lately been denied to some concerns who have fattened for years past on the gullibility of the credulous. A concern in Rochester, with branches under various names in New York, which has recently been brought down by a fraud order, has done for eight or nine years so large a business that its purchases of stamps materially affected the salary of the Rochester Postmaster. Its business was estimated to be worth \$100,000 a year. It is an excellent use of Government authority to detach these parasites from their victims, though the victims are so incurably stupid that choking off one rascal doubtless leaves them open to the attentions of another. One thing government is for is to protect the weak, and another is to keep fools from being too systematically plundered.



A BISHOP backed the Subway Dive And opened it with psalms Teetotaldom cried, "Sakes alive" He can't survive his qualms."

But Time a wonder brought to light That showed the rogues they lied. The Bishop rallied from the blight; The Dive it was that died.



SNAPSHOTS FROM OUR AIRSHIP
THE FOX HUNT.

Our Fresh Air Fund.

Previously acknowledged.....	\$5,351.64
C. W. S.....	20.00
Beatrice Campbell and Irma Hilbert.....	30.00
George Murray Snoden.....	2.00
Eleanor Moorhead Huff's Fresh Air Box.....	25.00
E. D. Meier.....	20.00
M. S. R.....	2.00
A. M. S. (toward bringing spring water to LIFE's Farm).....	100.00
Cash.....	5.00
A Youthful Subscriber.....	1.00
F. W. M.....	5.00
	\$5,561.64

Acknowledged with Thanks.

PUBLISHERS OF LIFE,
17 W. 31st Street, New York City.

Gentlemen: As a concrete and tangible expression of our appreciation of your noble work in providing fresh air outings for New York youngsters on LIFE's Farm, we are sending you to-day by prepaid express 1 case of Shredded Wheat Biscuit (600 Biscuits) and 1 case of Triscuit, our Shredded Wheat Cracker, which we hope the youngsters will eat and enjoy.

Wishing you the greatest possible success in this splendid work which you are carrying forward, we beg to remain

Very truly yours,

The Natural Food Company.

NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y., August 29, 1905.

ONE touch of Teddy makes the whole world kin.



AT LIFE'S FARM.

"DO YOU LIKE CANDY?"

The History of the Peaceites.

AND it came to pass that the young man Theodore tarried awhile in the place called Oyster Bay, which is over against the Hard-shell Baptist division of the Standard Oil Company.

And while he tarried there, the Russites and the Japanites passed by, on their way through Gotham to Portsmouth.

— Now Gotham is the place where the bookmakers and the Depewites

revel in the early mornings, and is wicked even beyond compare.—

And the Russites and the Japanites were wroth at each other, and in their own countries, hard against the Philistines and the Chinks, there was much bloodshed, duly countenanced by the Lord.

And when Theodore saw them go by, he spoke and said: "Cease, O, cease your scrapping and quit ye, for there is glory enough for all." But they heeded him not, for they were furnishing much and desirable copy for all the magazines.

Then Theodore spake again and said: "Wait ye a little while and be reluctant, for every day that passeth gives me a chance to be advertised more and yet more. And in the meantime, I will advise my people on several matters of much importance."

So Theodore arose in the morning and set the fashions, and talked on temperance and baby culture and athletics and crochet work and everything else he could think about.

And all the time there was great commotion among the people, and they demanded to know what the stock market was doing.

But still the Japanites and the Russites lingered, until the Lord waxed wroth, yea, exceeding wroth, and He said: "Is it for this that ye have come together? Do as young Theodore says, or ye shall suffer the consequences."

Then they came together, amid great rejoicing. After which Theodore was It.

And the Gothamites and the Bostonites and the Pennsylvaniates and all the people round about, including the Graftites, did him honor: saying, "Theodore is indeed the real thing and the Whole Show and we will bow down before him."

And it was even so.

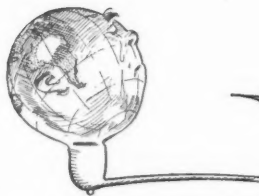
CUPID used to be overworked, until he invented the marriage ceremony.

The Goody.

THE goody is an ethic thrall.
Let him not disconcert you.
The very meanest vice of all
Is self-regarding virtue.



"RUN FOR YOUR LIVES! THERE'S A FIREFLY IN THE POWDER MAGAZINE."



This Bubble World

FORTY-FOUR Governors have replied to Gov. Pennypacker's invitation to have a conference on the laws of marriage and divorce. It is a great country, with forty-five stars on the flag.—*Pittsburg Gazette*.

What is needed more than a conference on divorce, however, is a conference to adopt measures to prevent a lot of silly people marrying each other who are unfit to be married. Then no conference on divorce would be necessary. It requires as much ability to get married as to do anything else worth doing well.

Courtesy is an old-fashioned gentleman who is never out of fashion.—*Saturday Evening Post*.

Our Philadelphia friend evidently does not visit New York.

Tuesday evening lightning struck the John P. Haines house without doing any serious damage.—*Ocean Co. Democrat (Tom's River, N. J.)*

Whew! So Thundering Jove himself is after our friend!

Bishop Potter says a sermon ought not to exceed twenty minutes in length. In quaffing at the well of wisdom the long drink is, in his opinion—and it is something of an expert opinion—to be avoided.—*Washington Star*.

The only difficulty in reducing the sermon to a twenty-minute limit is that we no sooner get comfortably to sleep than we have to rise to a hymn. There ought to be more rest than this for the weary.

Taft is telling the Filipinos that we are only going to hold them for a generation or so. How does the oracle know what the next generation will do? It may regard him as a highly amusing back number.—*Chicago News*.

Probably, however, the next generation will be doing just what Taft is—telling fibs to the conquered ones to keep up an appearance of honesty.

Vincent Harper, the author of "The Mortgage on the Brain," says that his "method" of writing

his stories is, "to loaf with a clay pipe in your mouth, swapping yarns with 'longshoremen or Indians or any other men who don't write—and then to write like the devil.'"—*Book and News-Dealer*.

This seems to be going too far. The simple recipe as indulged in by most of our "prominent" authors, is to "write like the devil" and to let it go at that.

When everybody can ride in automobiles there will possibly be less interest in such questions as to whether the street cars are equipped with fenders or not.—*Pittsburg Bulletin*.

We do not think that everybody will ever ride in automobiles, because then there would not be any one else to run over, which might induce enough of those—at present so keen at the sport—to give it up.

Why does not Congress insist upon lower rates for the railway mails? What is the obstacle in the way of reasonable economy in this, as in other branches of the postal service?—*Newburg News*.

We guess it must be Congress.

Prof. Garner is going to West Africa again with his gramophone to study the ape language.—*New York Sun*.

Why does the professor go so far from his own fireside? Why not get an invitation to pass a few days at Newport?

Russell Sage hasn't said anything about a wasted life, you observe. He doesn't know yet it has been wasted.—*Chicago Journal*.

Uncle Russell never will. That's one of the compensations of avarice.

Reckless auto driving generally brings its own reward, and yet frequent warnings fail to impress the overclever chauffeur.—*Baltimore Telegram*.

The man behind the chauffeur is the real culprit. He ought to be thrown promptly into jail every time his employee is reckless—and kept there until further notice.

It might satisfy Norway to dig up and set on the throne one of her old vi-kings.—*Omaha World-Herald*.

Even then she would match favorably some of the other royal figure-heads of Europe.

Mary MacLane is in Massachusetts, thinking again.—*Harper's Weekly*.

On her vacation?

A German engineer announces that he has perfected an invention by means of which a theatre can be emptied in something like thirty seconds.—*Kansas City Independent*.

What is more needed is to fill it first. And some better method of doing this than those employed at present.

A Tennessee boy of nineteen has two living wives and to the penitentiary he goes. Pretty tough thing, the penitentiary, but probably better than two wives.—*Houston (Texas) Post*.

This boy ought to have been born in New York.

Mrs. Angelina Clementina Smith, ex-assistant superintendent of the department of sociological civics of the American Confederation of Women's Clubs, and assistant general manager of the lingerie exhibit of the woman's amalgamated department of the Topeka State Fair, went to Kansas City to-day.—*Eldorado (Kan.) Republican*.

Hail, Angelina!

A poor laboring man in Denmark has made a new invention in life-saving. He impregnates clothes with a substance which will keep a shipwrecked person afloat for several days without losing its property. A coat, a vest, a traveling rug—in fact, any piece of wearing apparel impregnated with the stuff is enough to keep any one above water.—*Pittsburg Bulletin*.

Recommended for use in Wall Street.

"The time is ripe for the great American play," says a contemporary. Thus far, however, the candidates for the distinction have mostly been overripe, not to say rotten.—*Chicago Journal*.

We are not sure that the trouble lies so much with the candidates, as it arises from the fact that the Theatrical Trust in its exploitation of foreign importations practically shuts them out.

Mrs. Clarence Mackay has upset the old theory that the rich cannot hope to get elected to anything but the United States Senate.—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

It looks as though this theory might be still further extended to include some of our most prominent jails.

To Thine Own Self.



"MY DEAR, you are too reserved and blunt."

Buddway looked at his wife soberly.

"What do you mean?" he said. "I'm myself."

"That's the trouble, you are too much so. You don't put yourself out enough for others. You are too cold. It is hurting you. Look at Mr. Caperton—how popular he is."

"Nonsense. My friends understand me. They know that I am not a palaverer. I have as many friends as he."

"That's all right, but you will find that it would make a great difference if you would only use a little more politeness. Flatter people a little. Try to be nice to them. They like it." Buddway reflected.

"Do you really think there is anything in it?" he asked.



Voice of Chaperon (from the other room): WHO'S WINNING?
He: I THINK I AM.



EVERY ONE WAS SURE BOBBY WOULD END ON THE GALLOWS, BUT HE LATER BECAME PRESIDENT.

"I don't think. I know. Do me a favor. Just try it and see."

"Well—perhaps I will."

Buddway started out. Maybe, after all, his wife was right. He didn't gush enough. He thought about his friend Caperton. Caperton certainly knew how to do that sort of thing. Buddway envied him.

"I'll do it," he muttered to himself. "I can and I will!"

Suddenly he looked up and saw Stinson ahead of him. Stinson was a business acquaintance. He was about to pass, with a slight nod of recognition, when Buddway grasped him cordially by the hand.

"Delighted!" he cried. "This is indeed an unexpected pleasure. How's the wife—and family—and self? How well you are looking. But you always were handsome."

Stinson gasped at him in astonishment. Had the reserved, rather distant chap whom everybody respected, and whom he had always wanted to get better acquainted with, suddenly gone crazy?

"Glad you think so," he half stammered, and, excusing himself rather abruptly, hurried on.

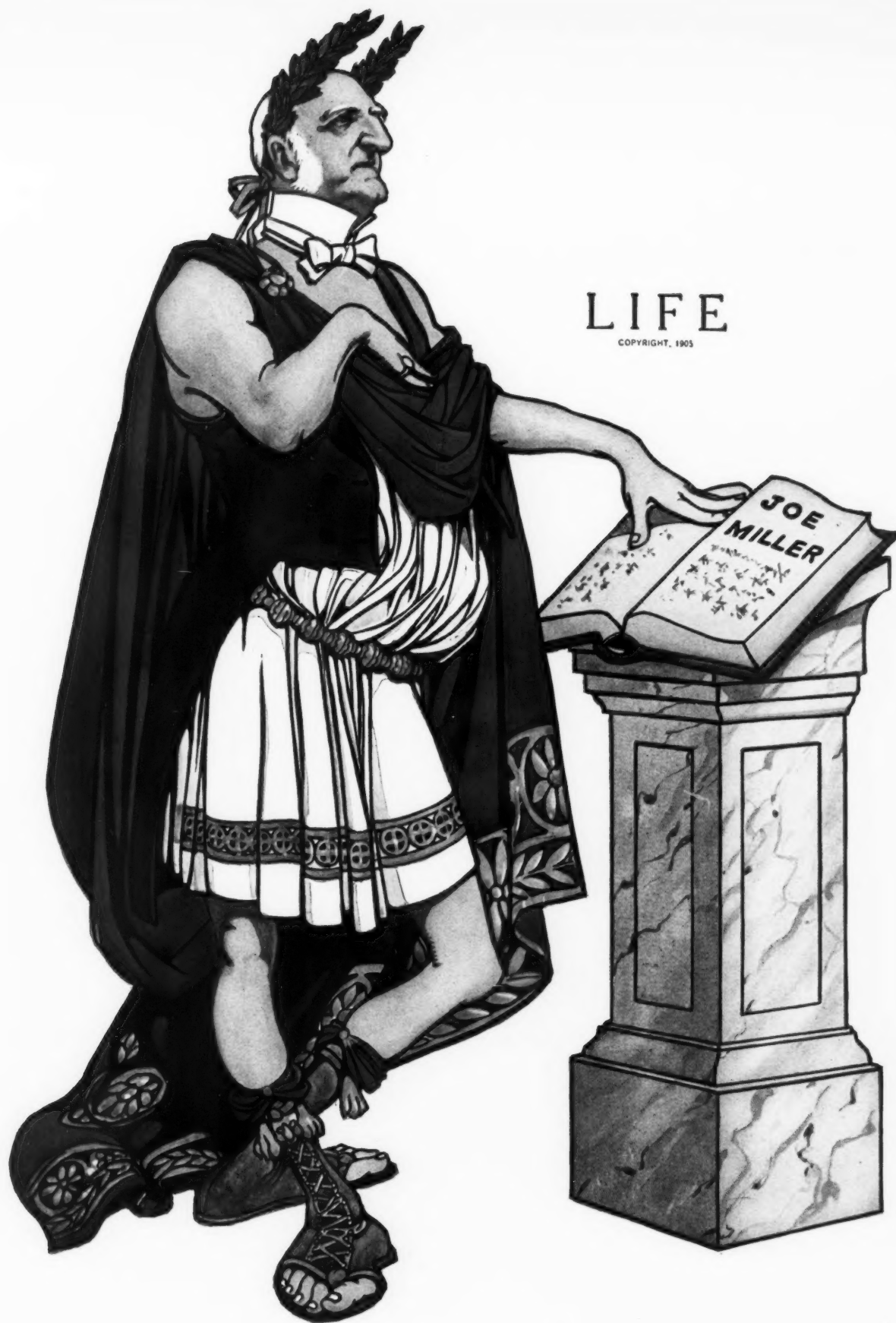
Buddway entered his office.

"Ah, good morning, Mr. Jones," he said to his chief clerk, cordially, with a bright smile. "How are you this morning? Always up bright and early. Don't overwork yourself. We must give you a little rest."

Jones caught his breath and opened his eyes in wonder. Buddway usually came in silently, walked to his desk, opened his mail, and gave his instructions in as many monosyllables as possible.

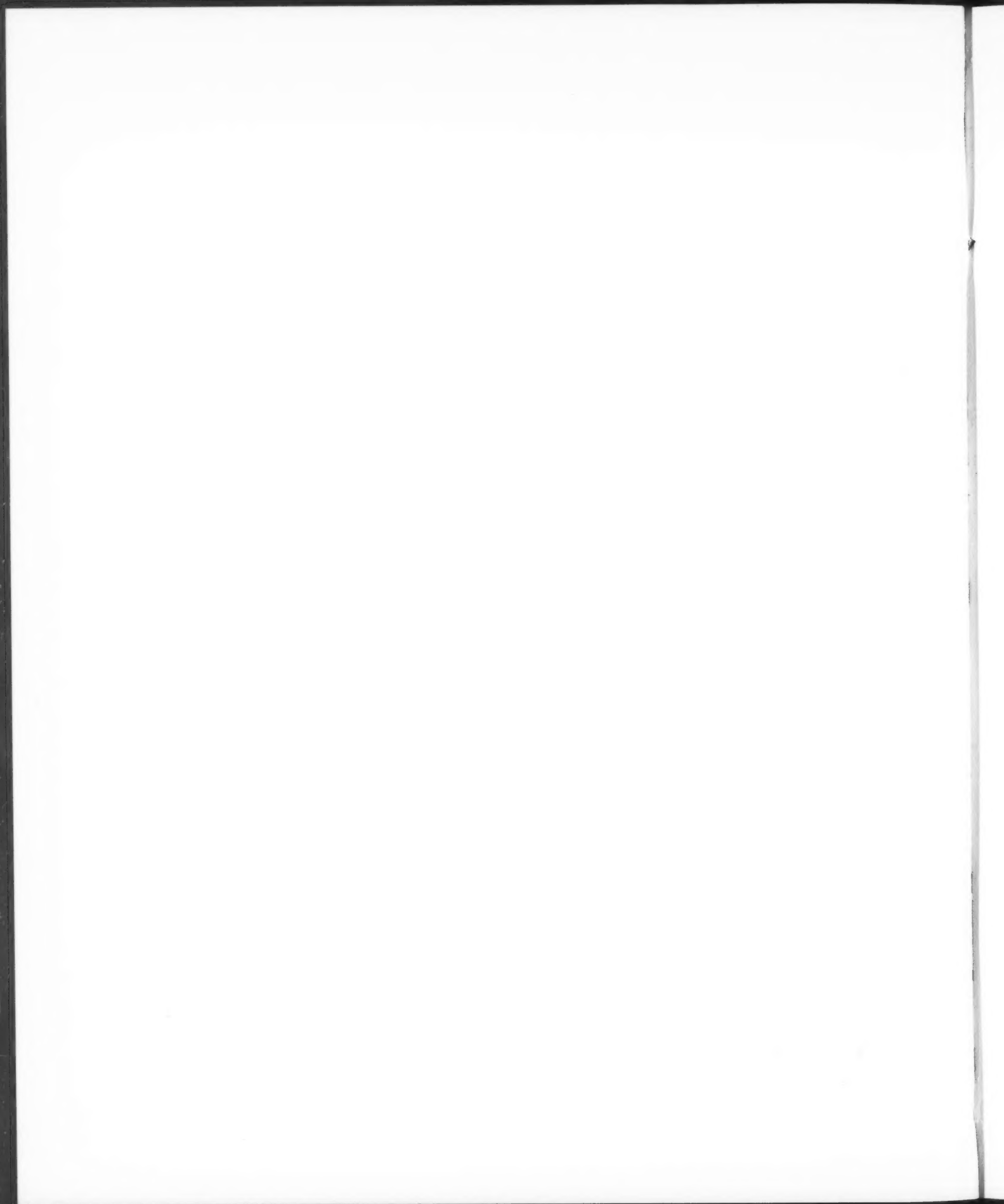
Jones escaped with the news as soon as he could and spread it around the office.

"The old man must have gone crazy," he whispered.



LIFE

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"He fell all over himself. Been working too hard, I guess."

At eleven o'clock it became necessary to visit the bank. Buddway, after some delay, entered the office of the President. That individual looked up, and, seeing who it was, nodded briefly. Buddway, however, wasn't going to permit anything like that. Grasping the staid old gentleman firmly by the hand, he leaned over him with a large and expansive smile:

"My dear Mr. Burnside, *how* are you this fine day? Deelighted to find you in. Do you know you grow younger every day. I should hate to put on the gloves with you."

The Bank President looked him over suspiciously.

"I'm pretty well," he said dryly. "What can I do for you?"

Buddway explained in honeyed accents that he wanted an extension of a note. Burnside told him he would let him know later. After he had gone, the venerable Bank President called in the loan clerk.

"Buddway wants an extension of that note, but notify him at once that he can't have it."

"Very well, sir, but —"

"Well?"

"He's a good customer. He is all right. Plenty of collateral."

The Bank President smiled grimly.

"I know it," he said, "I've always liked that chap. Honest and straightforward—no frills. But he came in here this morning and fell all over me. Must be something wrong. Better call that loan at once. He's too d——d polite."

When Buddway came home that evening his wife met him at the door. She looked at him anxiously.

"Are you all right, dear?"

"Certainly, why not? Why shouldn't I be?"

"Why, I just got a telephone message from Mrs. Stinson. She said her husband had met you to-day, and you didn't seem well."

"Didn't seem well! Ha, ha! His little joke; always trying to make it pleasant for his friends. Ah, my dear, how charming you are looking. More beautiful than ever."

Mrs Buddway started back. Never before had she heard him talk like this. But she easily refrained from saying anything. After all, it was her suggestion.

The dinner was eaten with a running fire of compliment and flattery by Buddway. His poor wife, in the unnatural position she had been found, felt the strain keenly.

Finally, just as Buddway, with a melodramatic wave of his arms, had asked her if she had the slightest objection to his smoking, the bell rang.

Mr Caperton was announced.

Buddway sprang forward to meet him. Mrs. Buddway escaped.

"My dear boy, *deelight*ed!" exclaimed Buddway.

"How good of you to drop in. Just the man I wanted to see. How well you are looking, you handsome dog!"

Caperton drew back in astonishment.

"Bless my soul!" he exclaimed. "Old man, what's gotten into you? What is it? Any trouble?"

"Trouble! Why, no. What can you mean? Don't you like my manners?"

Caperton held him at arm's length.

"No," he said at last. "I don't. Where did you get them from?"

"From you. Wife put me on. Told me you were the most polite man she knew and I was the most taciturn. Advised me to turn over a new leaf, and I've done it."

Caperton's face grew solemn.

"You've done it all right," he said. "That's what I called to see you about. Met Stinson—he said he knew you must be concealing some trouble. Saw old Burnside at the bank and he asked me if you'd met with reverses. Hello, what's that?"

Buddway listened intently. A chair was working violently overhead as if some one was in distress. He sprang up the stairs. His wife was rocking back and forth—in tears.

"What's the matter?" he exclaimed.

"Don't! Don't! Please don't," she sobbed. "Never try to be polite again. Just be yourself. You were right. Oh, it was awful!"

Buddway put his arms around her sturdily.

"Never again!" he exclaimed. "Come, come, stop crying, I must go back."

He left her and rejoined his friend.

"Caperton," he said solemnly, "for heaven's sake, what's the matter? Here I have been trying all day long to be as polite as you are, and what's the result? Friends all think I'm crazy and wife in tears. How the devil do you account for it?"

And Caperton smiled feelingly as he replied:

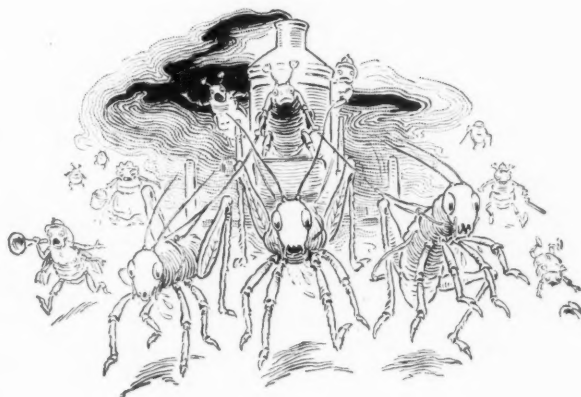
"My dear boy, do you know what my wife said to me the other day?"

"No; what?"

"She said:

"My dear, I'd give *anything* if you had the dignity and depth of Mr. Buddway."

Tom Masson.



FIRE BUGS.

·LIFE·





"THO' LOST TO SIGHT, TO MEMORY DEAR."

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Credit.

OUR credit is the thing we need—
The burden of our daily song.
Man wants but little here below,
But, oh, he wants that little long.

Her Sacrifice.



"NO," said the theatrical manager to the - Society - woman - who - has - adopted - the - stage - as - a - career, "I fear that you have not the temperament to essay the very exacting rôle you are so anxious to portray. Properly to present the character, a woman must have fathomed the height and depth of human emotion."

The - Society - woman - who - has - recently - adopted - the - stage - as - a - career looked fixedly at him a moment before replying, an almost pitying wonder in her beautiful eyes. "Do you, then, doubt that I have drunk deep of the waters of Marah and have been tried in the furnace?" she asked in a low, pained tone.

"I do," he remarked with brutal frankness; "you have always been a petted daughter of wealth, with every wish gratified since your earliest years. You may have known some little trials, but—" he threw out his hands with a gesture of finality and turned on his heel as if about to end the interview.

"One moment," she cried in ringing tones; "you will admit that the fame of my beauty is world-wide."

"Yes," he answered grudgingly; "your picture appears constantly in the magazines and newspapers; you are certainly valuable; but I do not consider you equal to the part. On that point, I must insist."

"Alas!" she moaned, covering her eyes with her white jeweled hands, "your taunts show me that I must reveal the terrible secrets of my cruel past."

At these words the manager turned again, the light of joyous hope in his eyes. "Secrets! Past!" he cried eagerly.

"Aye, man!" sternly. "Secrets, indeed, and a past. Listen!" she hissed. "Do you see this rose-leaf complexion? To secure it I had three layers of cuticle removed and for weeks after suffered the torments of the lost. To achieve this classic nose, paraffin was injected beneath the skin, and I endured the agonies of necrosis of the bone. To gain these delicately arching brows my scalp was cut and drawn back. These long, sweeping lashes were sewn through my eyelids, and to attain this rare, Titian shade of hair I almost lost my sight. And yet you say I have not suffered!"

Great tears were running down the hardened manager's cheeks. "And in order to secure temperament," he exclaimed, "I might have decided on an actress who has known the petty griefs of being jilted twenty or thirty

times, or run over by an automobile, or starved while waiting for an engagement; might have selected some mere, ordinary woman, content to remain as God made her, instead of one who has sacrificed all for Art."

Mrs. Wilson Woodrow.

Unavoidable.

OWNER OF AUTOMOBILE (to chauffeur): Have you any recommendation from your last employer?

CHAUFFEUR: No, sir, but I guess I can get one in the course of a month or so.

"Why the delay?"

"He's in the hospital."

LOVE is a disease, in which our only hope is that it is incurable.

Dissension.

"I HEAR that Mrs. Pippin and her husband are not living together."

"What was the trouble?"

"Well, she became a Christian Scientist and he joined the Chorus Girls' Union."

OPPORTUNITY knocks but once. Other knockers please copy.



IT'S NO LONGER DONE.

IF YOU'RE OUT AT A DINNER—A BIG ONE, LET'S SAY,
FIND YOUR PLACE AS SOON AS YOU'RE ABLE.
IF IN THE CONFUSION YOU STRIKE THE WRONG SIDE,
YOU SHOULDN'T STEP OVER THE TABLE.



Copyright, 1905, by Life Publishing Co.

Grandfather (enthusiastical.y): SAY, WILLIE, DON'T YOU WANT TO GO THROUGH A TOY SHOP WITH ME THIS AFTERNOON AND SEE ALL THE PRETTY THINGS?

Willie (indifferently): I'M WILLING TO, POP, IF YOU WILL GET ANY PLEASURE OUT OF IT.

The Main Point.

I'D like to have so much to do
As never to get through it.
I'd like to have so much to do—
And then—not have to do it.

Appropriate.

“WHY did you send an anchor for
your uncle's funeral?”
“As an emblem of hope—the will
hadn't been read yet.”

Not His Fault.

I TRIED to kiss the rosy cheek
Beneath that charming bonnet.
And yet I failed; I only touched
The fine complexion on it.



THERE is no field of intellectual speculation wherein so many mutually contradictory hypotheses may successively appeal to the thinker as incontrovertible as in the study of moral philosophy. In this tangle of crossed wires there is no logical current that does not induce opposing currents in parallel lines, that does not suffer innumerable leaks at points of contact, and that is not liable to be short-circuited. Yet in spite of this, or because of it, the subject has a peculiar fascination of its own, and those who recall C. Hanford Henderson's *Education and the Larger Life* and other work will readily understand that a theory of moral philosophy from his pen, such as he has given us in *The Children of Good Fortune*, will be found imbued with a strong and attractive personal note and with a healthy and convinced optimism.

Occasionally one finds a story that is hurled at one, snowball fashion, in a series of hard rolled scenes, the impact of which is both startling and convincing. Norval Richardson's *Heart of Hope*, a story of the siege of Vicksburg, is an attempt at this method, but the snow does not pack and the aim is weak. The story itself calls loudly for the stage of the Academy of Music, and the heavy firing of bass drums behind the scenes.

The Wine Press, by Anna Robeson Brown, is a fresh handling, by an author of talent, of a subject which has frequently appealed to writers of little originality and less depth, the influence of life upon the man-hating ideals of a young girl. Speaking in terms of popular classification, the book is an analytical novel, which, in this case, means only that its drama is largely a subjective one, and its quiet realism, its decided literary merits and its admirable maintenance of key, subdued though that be, make it one of the best of the season's minor productions.

If a card-sharper saves your life in the Rocky Mountains and afterward falls in love with your best girl, what do gratitude and honor point out as

your proper course of action? Most men would solve this little sum in their heads, but Maud Wilder Goodwin has made a problem novel of it in *Claims and Counterclaims*, and, at that, lets pneumonia beg the question in the end. It is a thin-blooded little problem and the people of the story have not a red corpuscle among them.

In his volume upon *China in Law and Commerce*, T. R. Jernigan lays before the public a mass of information which heretofore has been practically unobtainable except by the specialist, and the book is an interesting and valuable addition to the reference literature of the East. It is only just to say, however, that in dealing broadly with such phases of Chinese law and custom as are of at least theoretically universal application, the book tends to give to the uninformed Western reader a wholly mistaken impression of national homogeneity. In reality, Mr. Jernigan has but attempted to articulate the supporting skeleton which local tradition, local speech and local conditions have clothed in a thousand forms.

In *Glenanaar* Canon P. A. Sheehan has told the stories of two generations, a romance of the great Irish famine and a connected romance of to-day. He has told them with an intimacy that is almost oral in quality and an unaffected sympathy with these baffling parallels of pig-headedness and poetry which subtend the Irish character, that gives to an unpretentious book a genuinely appealing charm.

There are a number of cooks whose motto seems to be "when in doubt, use vanilla extract," and a similar tradition is apparently current among writers in regard to what is known as the love interest. *The House in the Mist* is a gruesome conception by Anna Katherine Green, which even careless handling and a most uncalled-for and incongruous dash of vanilla cannot rob of its suggestion of horror.

J. B. Kerfoot.

The Children of Good Fortune. By C. Hanford Henderson. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company. \$1.50.)

The Heart of Hope. By Norval Richardson. (Dodd, Mead and Company. \$1.50.)

The Wine Press. By Anna Robeson Brown. (D. Appleton and Company. \$1.50.)

Claims and Counterclaims. By Maud Wilder Goodwin. (Doubleday, Page and Company. \$1.50.)

China in Law and Commerce. By T. R. Jernigan. (The Macmillan Company. \$2.00.)

Glenanaar, A Story of Irish Life. By the Very Reverend Canon P. A. Sheehan. (Longmans, Green and Company. \$1.50.)

The House in the Mist. By Anna Katherine Green. (The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.)

"HE says his ancestors are responsible for a great deal."

"Yes, he has the palate of a High Churchman and the stomach of a Puritan."

A Corner in Divorces.

MR. AND MRS. NEWCOMB, who have been three times divorced and are now returning from Denver to Boston on a fourth marital experiment, seem to have a chronic case of the reconciliation habit. However, perhaps Virgil's "thrice and yet four times happy" will fit their case at last.—*Boston Herald*.

Perhaps, after all, the best way to settle this problem is to keep all the divorces in the same family.

Changed.

"DO you believe in predestination?"
"I did before I began to travel on the Long Island Railroad."



"GOOD-BY, DEAR BOY; DO COME TO SEE US IN TOWN."



"DID SHE GET THE MAN SHE WANTED?"
"OH, NO! SHE IS MOST HAPPILY MARRIED."



HOW SHE REGARDED IT.

The former head of a large private school in Cleveland was a gentleman of dignified bearing, refined and correct always in manner and speech. By birth and early rearing he was a Vermonter, and doubtless of straight Puritan extraction. One day, in his boyhood, his mother called him in from the yard where he was playing with some other boys to say to him, in a tone suggestive of mingled sadness and severity:

"Noble, my son, I never thought to hear you use a swear word!"

"Why, mother," said the boy, "I didn't use any swear word. I only said the devil. Nobody thinks that's swearing."

"I don't care," cried the mother, quickly; "it's making light of sacred things."—*Cleveland Leader*.

"REUBEN FIELDS, the Johnson County mathematician, who is considered by many to be an idiotic wonder, stopped at a hotel in a small town in Henry County recently," says *The Oak Grove (Mo.) Banner*. "As usual, in such places, there were a number of drummers on hand; there was also a meeting of some medical men at the place, who used the hotel as headquarters. One of the doctors thought it would be quite a joke to tell Fields that some of the M. D.'s had concluded to kidnap him and take out his brains to learn how it was so good in mathematics. He was then asked by them what he was going to do about it. Fields replied: 'I will go on without brains just like you doctors are doing.'"
—*New York Tribune*.

PAT had occasion to pay a visit to the parish priest. The host brought a bottle of benedictine, and filling a liqueur glass, reminded his guest that the wine was made by the holy monks. "To get the full flavor," he said, "it should not be swallowed at once, but sipped slowly." Pat caught up the tiny glass, looked at it for a moment, and then sipped the cordial as directed. When he had finished Pat placed the glass on the table with a look of satisfaction on his face.

"And what do you think of the benedictine?" asked the good priest.

"Blessin's on the holy monks who made that stuff, but the devil fly away with the man that invented the glass," answered Pat.—*Argonaut*.

PRESIDENT ELIOT, of Harvard, on a visit to the Pacific Coast, met Professor O. B. Johnson, of the

University of Washington. In course of the conversation Dr. Eliot asked the Westerner what chair he held.

"Well," said Professor Johnson, "I am professor of biology, but I also give instruction in meteorology, botany, physiology, chemistry, entomology and a few others."

"I should say that you occupied a whole settee, not a chair," replied Harvard's chief.—*New York Tribune*.

WHY HE KNEW IT.

"Do you know," said a Sunday-school teacher addressing a new pupil in the infant class, "that you have a soul?"

"Course I do," replied the little fellow, placing his hand over his heart, "I can feel it tick."—*Moberly (Mo.) Monitor*.



SCRIPTURAL PASSAGES ILLUSTRATED.

"THEY TOIL NOT, NEITHER DO THEY SPIN, AND YET SOLOMON IN ALL HIS GLORY WAS NOT ARRAYED LIKE ONE OF THESE."

A SCOTCH minister and his servant, who were coming home from a wedding, began to consider the state into which their potations at the wedding feast had left them. "Sandy," said the minister, "just stop a minute here till I go ahead. Maybe I don't walk very steady and the good wife might remark something not just right." He walked ahead of the servant for a short distance, and then asked: "How is it? Am I walking straight?" "Oh, ay," answered Sandy, thickly, "ye're a' recht—but who's that who's with you?"—*Argonaut*.

THE CURATE'S CURE.

A zealous young curate went to stay with some friends at a country house. On descending to breakfast the first morning he noticed that his hostess inquired very particularly how he had slept, and seemed relieved when he said he had passed a very good night. This was repeated every day during his visit until the last morning, when his hostess said, "Mr. —, you perhaps noticed how very particular we were in our inquiries every morning as to how you had slept, but the truth is that the room you occupied is said to be haunted, and we were anxious to know if you had seen the ghost."

"The ghost!" repeated the curate, thoughtfully, "oh, yes, I do remember the first night I was here some fellow came and stood by my bedside."

"Oh!" said the company with great interest, "and what did you do?"

"Oh, I spoke to him."

"Spoke to him? What did you say?"

"I said, 'Please will you give me a subscription for my Sunday-school?' He instantly disappeared, and I never saw him again."—*London Tatler*.

LADY HOLLAND was once taken down to dinner by Mr. Babbage, the inventor of the calculating machine. Something was said about "squaring words."

"What does that mean?" asked Lady Holland.

"I will tell you," answered Mr. Babbage; "you take a word, for example, like horse. That contains six letters—"

"Six!" exclaimed Lady Holland, involuntarily; "don't you mean five?"

"No, no," Mr. Babbage rejoined, "there are six letters in horse."

"Surely not," persisted Lady Holland, and spelled the word. "Ah," remarked the great man, "I never could count. That is why I invented the calculating machine."—*Argonaut*.

HORATIO G. HERRICK, of Lawrence, Mass., for many years sheriff of Essex County, took a lively interest in the schools of his home town. Shortly after Garfield's death Mr. Herrick visited one of the schools and made an address upon the life of the statesman. He asked:

"Now, can any of you tell me what a statesman is?"

A little hand went up, and a little girl replied: "A statesman is a man who makes speeches."

"Hardly that," answered Mr. Herrick, who loved to tell this story. "For instance, I sometimes make speeches, and yet I am not a statesman."

The little hand again went up, and the answer came, triumphantly:

"I know; a statesman is a man who makes good speeches!"—*New York Tribune*.

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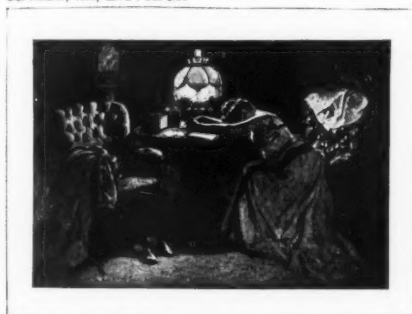
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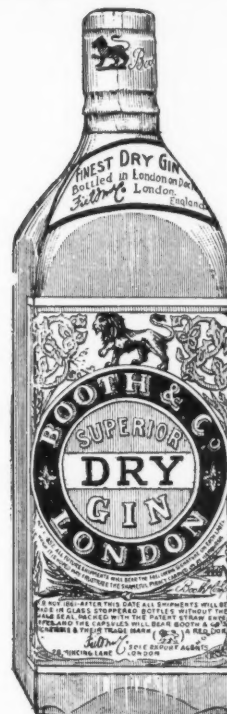
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Has gone to his sarcophagus
By pouring water icy cold
Adown his hot æsophagus.

—From Dr. Wiley's Address to the Pharmacists.

THE SOUTH FOR HOSPITALITY: The Manor, Asheville, North Carolina, is the best inn South. *Booklet.*

MADAM: Be sure to put plenty of nuts in the cake.

COOK: I'll crack no more nuts to-day. My jaw hurts me already.—*Harper's Bazar.*

IRATE PASSENGER (as train is moving off): Why the blank didn't you put my luggage in as I told you, you blankety blank?

PORTER: Eh, mon, yer luggage is na sic a fule as yersel'. Ye're i' the wrang train.—*Pick-Me-Up.*

No other thirst-quencher begins to approach
ROSS'S ROYAL BELFAST GINGER ALE.

NATURALLY.

The guide, who was taking a party of American excursionists through the Holy Land, called a halt.

"Here," he said, "is the place where Lot's wife looked back and was turned into a pillar of salt."

"I don't see no evidences of her," objected the tall, slender Missourian with the chin beard, looking around searchingly.

"The gentleman will remember," rejoined the guide, "that the incident took place thousands of years ago, and there have been many hard rainstorms since then."—*Chicago Tribune.*

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A REAL RESPONSIBILITY.

Ethel's mother was very ill and, calling the little miss to her bedside, she said: "Ethel, what would you do if I should die?"

"Oh," answered Ethel, who did not realize the gravity of the situation, "I s'pose I'd have to spank myself."—*Chicago Daily News.*

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Who says that we lag painfully behind the East? Only this week we have secured the arrest of the president and manager of the State Life Insurance Company for obtaining money under false pretenses. Even New York, with its Equitable, cannot make as good a showing as that.—*San Francisco News Letter.*

At last—a drink all delight and no objections:
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CHOICE.

The ancient driver on the Fifth Avenue stage had driven for three blocks without saying a word, which is a long time for a Fifth Avenue stage driver. He broke his silence when an open hansom passed. It held a woman, a lap dog and a Boston terrier.

"Hell!" said the driver, indicating the hansom by a flourish of his whip. Then he was silent for another block.

"Hell!" he repeated, finally. "Babies is lots nicer!"—*New York Sun.*

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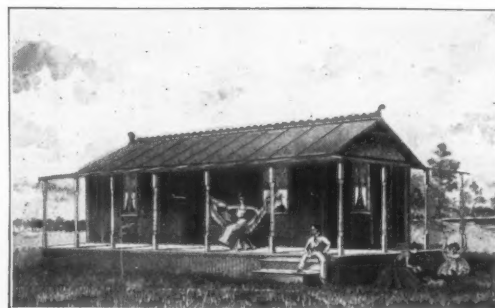
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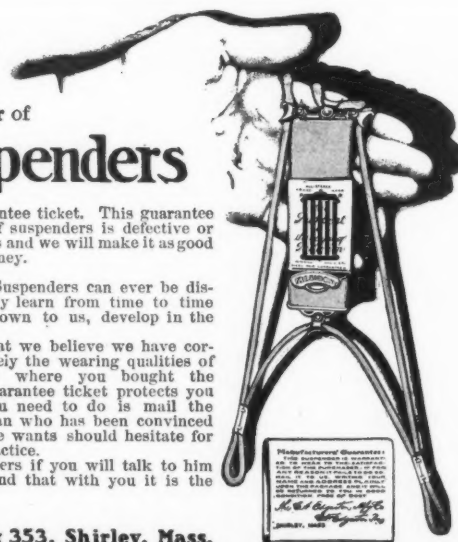
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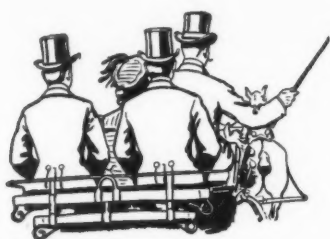
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Getting Specific.

BITTERLY: When you and your wife were first married, you used to call each other "birdie," didn't you?

McSWAT: Yes.

"Do you still do it?"

"Well, I call her a parrot and a magpie, and she usually refers to me as a jay."—*Philadelphia Press.*

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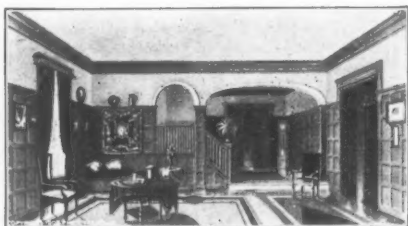
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